EX-MUTANTS UNIVERSE
Eternity Comics
#7
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The SeaHorse Saga Continues! All New Story And Art!
Paul O'Connor • Myke • Thomas Baxa
THE NEW HUMANS
THE SHATTERED EARTH CHRONICLES
JAYTE '88

PAUL O'CONNOR
Writer

MYKE
Penciller

THOMAS BAXA
Inker

MYKE
Letterer

MYKE
Cover Illustration

JIM ROHN
Cover Coloring

DAVE OLBRICH
Publisher

CHRIS ULM
Editor-In-Chief

TOM MASON
Creative Director

The New Humans: Placed in suspended animation by the United States government as part of the top secret Jupiter Project, Duke Goldberg, Kelly Brock, Calvin Gordon, and Roger Brunner awaken 30 years later to discover a world filled with deadly radiation; its inhabitants mutated victims of the most deadly war mankind has ever fought.

Our Story So Far: The New Humans have explored what they thought was a pre-war Russian satellite, only to discover that it is something much more. Roger linked up with the computer running the space station, only to lose his mind in the process! Meanwhile, Gabriella Fish and her "pet" battledog are one step closer to finding the mysterious Sea Horse: the mutant who holds the secret to their past.

***New Humans* Notes:** This issue of **New Humans** contains a special sneak preview of **Dark Wolf #6** by R.A. Jones and Butch Burcham, now on sale.

A New Humans Annual has been scheduled for November release.

AN
EX-MUTANTS
UNIVERSE
TITLE

THE NEW HUMANS #7
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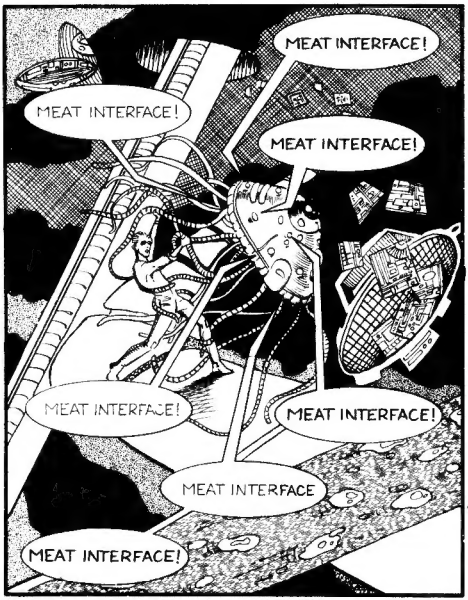
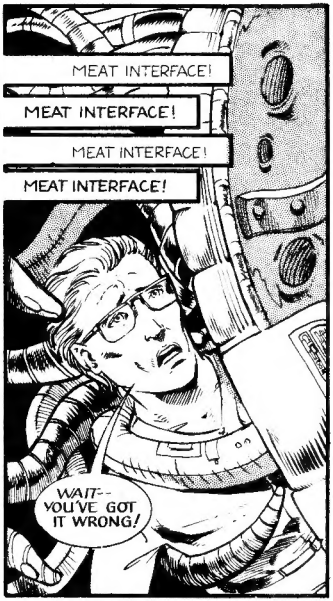
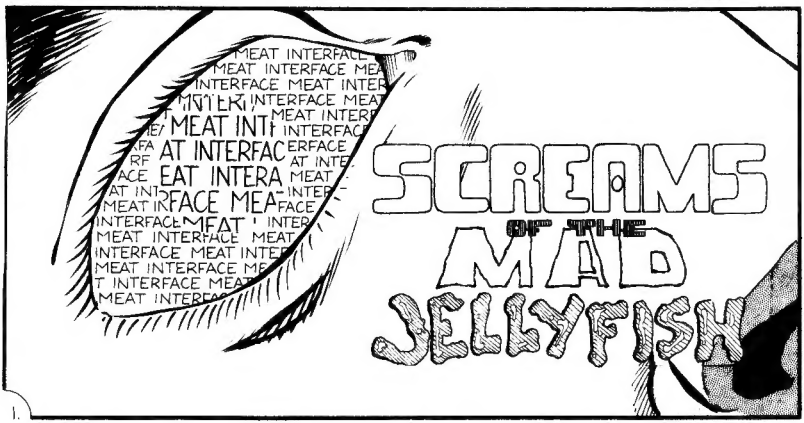

MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE
MEAT INTERFACE!

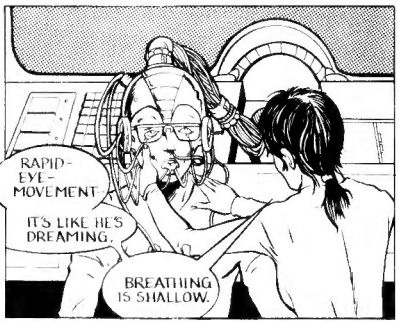

MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
WAIT-- YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG!

OH GOD OH, AHHHHHH!


SCREAMS OF THE MAD JELLYFISH

WHAT IS THAT THING?
I DONT KNOW BUT IT'S KILLING ROGER!

I WOULDN'T UNPLUG HIM FROM THAT THING JUST YET.
LET ME DECIDE THAT, OKAY?


RAPID-EYE-MOVEMENT.
IT'S LIKE HE'S DREAMING.
BREATHING IS SHALLOW.

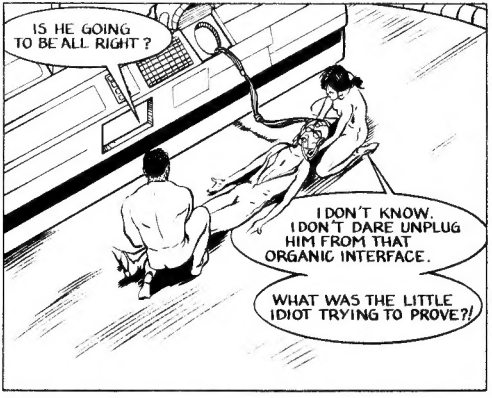
DAMN! I CAN BARELY HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT...

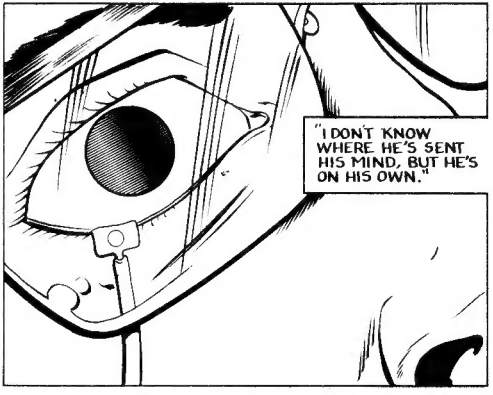
HELP ME LOOSEN HIS SUIT!
SINCE WHEN DO YOU NEED HELP WITH THAT?
SHOVE IT, DUKE.

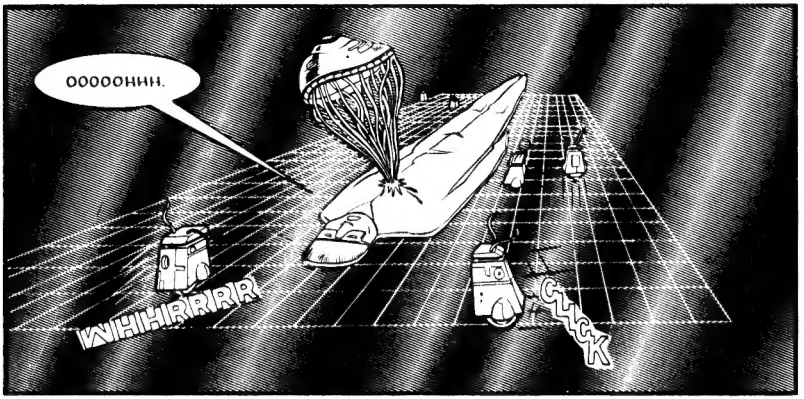
ANY TIME, BIG MAN.
OH--YUCK! JESUS.

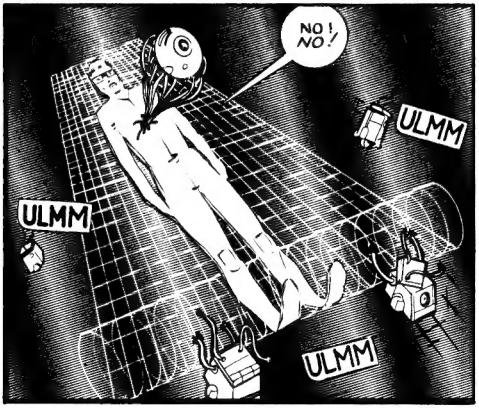
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ROGER HAD A -- SEXUAL REACTION.
OH, UH...

DON'T WORRY. IT JUST TOOK ME BY SURPRISE.
LET'S LIE HIM DOWN.


IS HE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T DARE UNPLUG HIM FROM THAT ORGANIC INTERFACE.
WHAT WAS THE LITTLE IDIOT TRYING TO PROVE?!

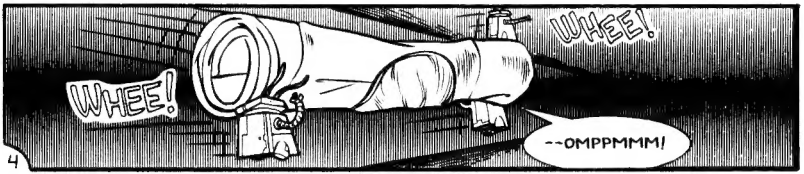

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S SENT HIS MIND, BUT HE'S ON HIS OWN."

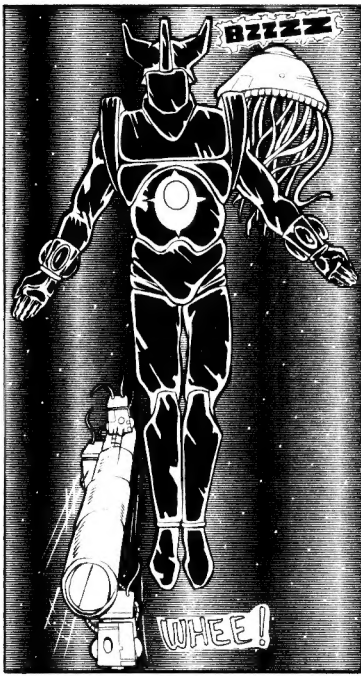

OOOOOHHH.
WHIHIRRRR!
CLICK


NO! NO!
ULMM
ULMM
ULMM

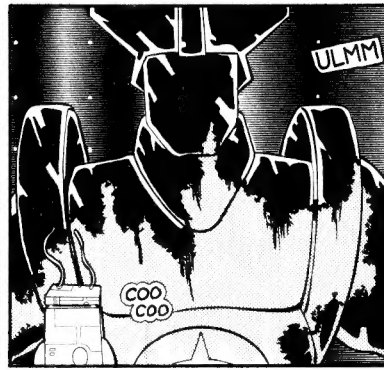
OH MY GOD!

STOP STOP -- OH PLEASE ST--

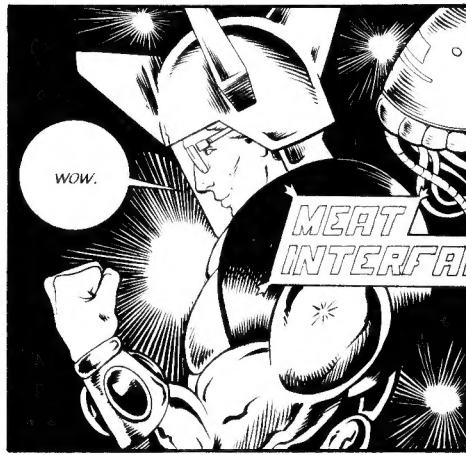

WHEE!
WHEE!
--OMPPMMM!

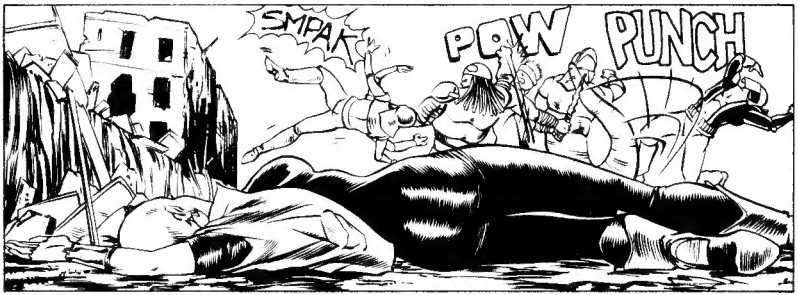

BZZZZ
WHEE!

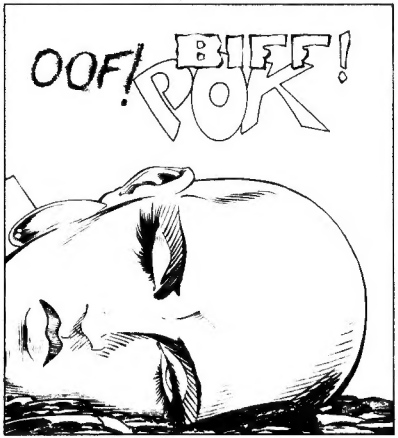
HEE HEE
SQWUNCK
HA HA!


ULMM
COO COO

GUH... GLOOP GLORP!


WOW.
MEAT INTERFACE


SMPAK
POW
PUNCH


OOF!
BIFF!
POK

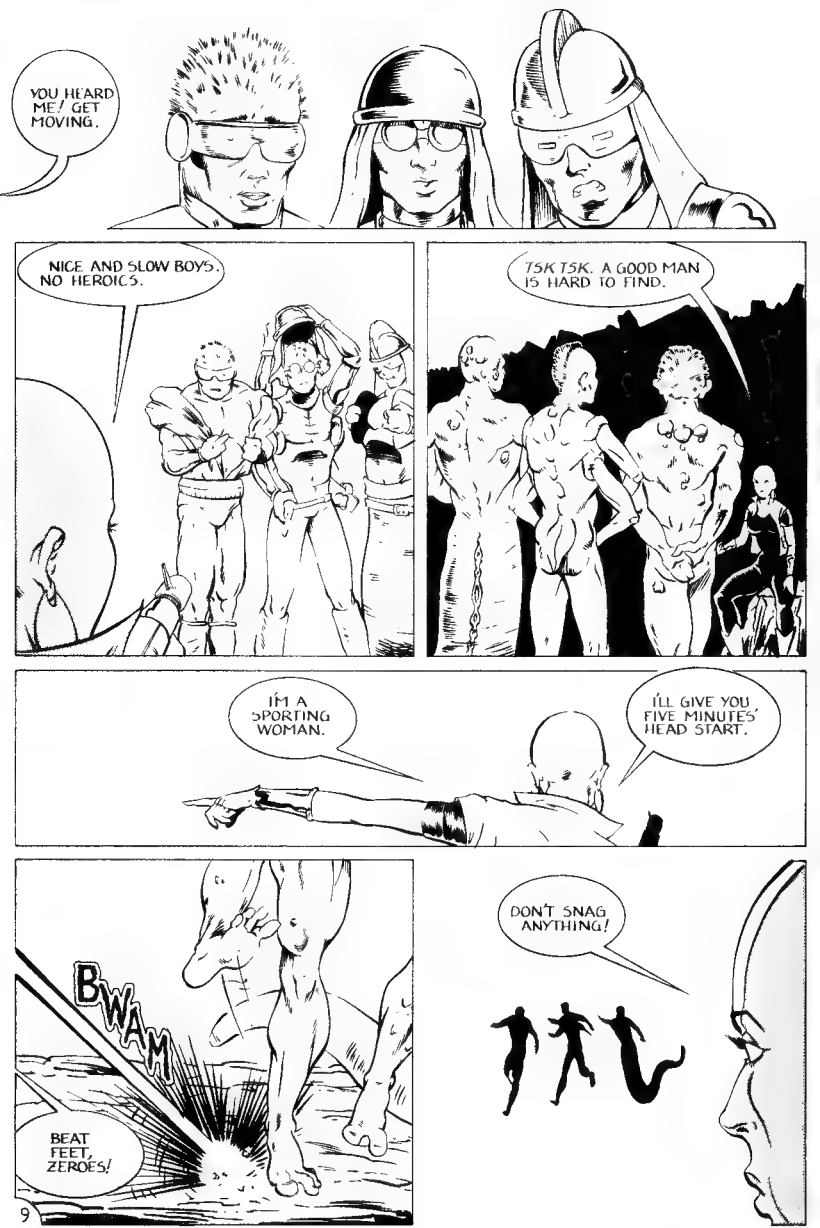
ACK!
URK!

GUTEN TAG!

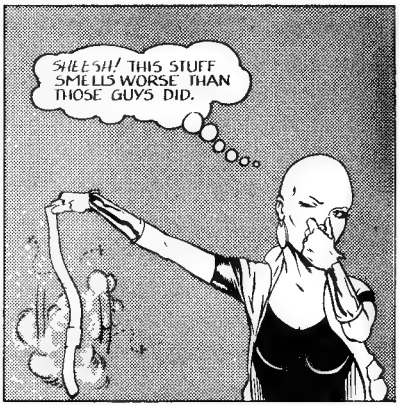
SMASH

DAT SETTLES IT... I GO FURST!
"I'M IN DA MOOD FOR LOVE..."
SORRY, ROMEO...
... I DON'T MESS AROUND ON THE FIRST DATE.
BWAM

ALL RIGHT YOU LOW-LIFES, I WANT EVERYONE ON THEIR FEET, HANDS ON THEIR HEADS, AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS.
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
I MEANT WHAT I SAID, DAMMIT!
BWWWEE
EEEE
I SHOULD JUST BLOW YOU CLOWNS AWAY...
BUT CHIP'S BEEN HASSLING ME TO CHILL OUT, SO YOU GET A BREAK.
STRIP.


YOU HEARD ME! GET MOVING.
NICE AND SLOW BOYS. NO HEROICS.
TSK TSK. A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND.
I'M A SPORTING WOMAN.
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES' HEAD START.
BWAM
BEAT FEET, ZEROES!
DON'T SNAG ANYTHING!

I HOPE I DON'T COME TO REGRET LETTING THOSE SCUM LIVE.

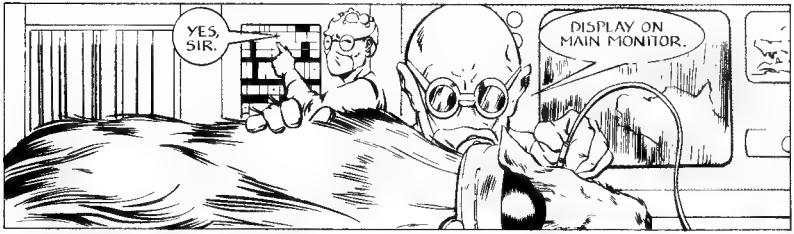

SHEESH! THIS STUFF SMELLS WORSE THAN THOSE GUYS DID.

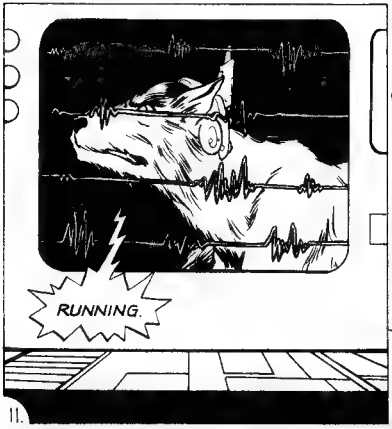
THIS GEAR CAN'T BE TOO COMPLICATED, IF THOSE NEANDERTHALS COULD FIGURE IT OUT...

HERE GOES NOTHING.
CLICK

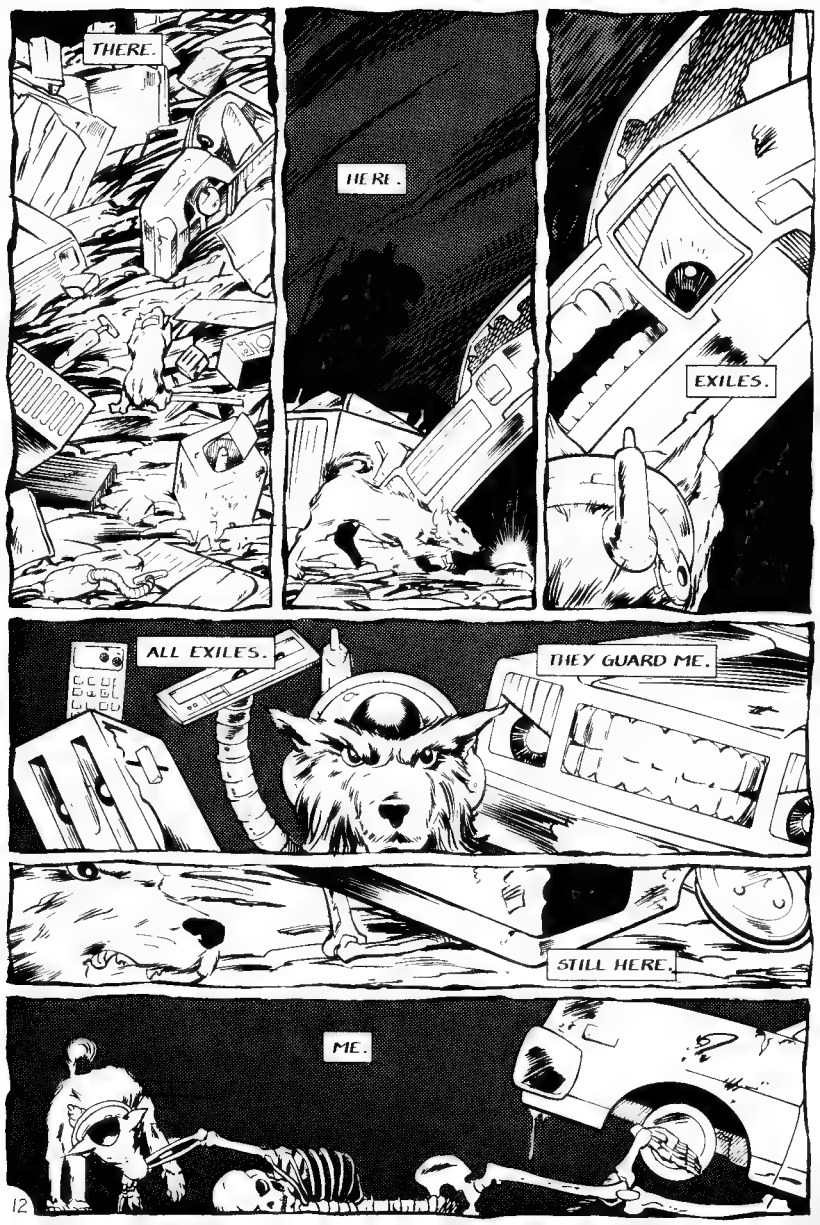
WE ARE READY TO PROCEED, SEA HORSE.

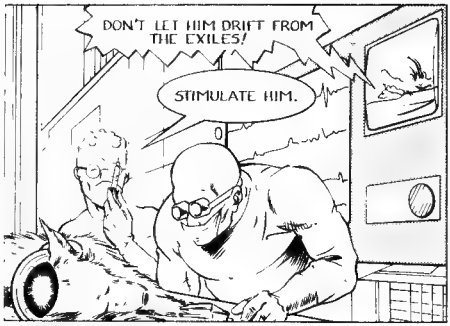
BEGIN WITH SURFACE THOUGHTS.


YES, SIR.
DISPLAY ON MAIN MONITOR.

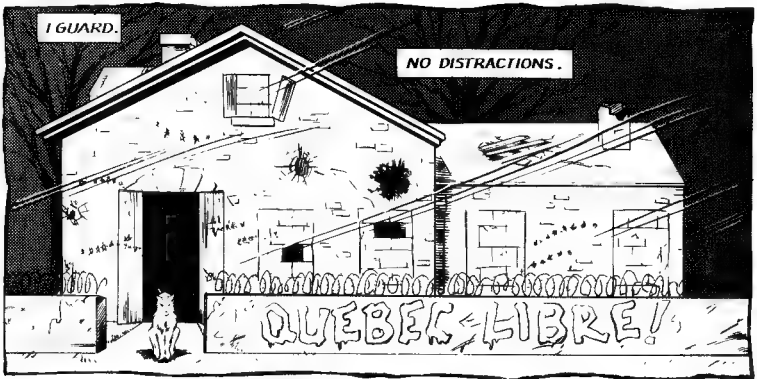

RUNNING.

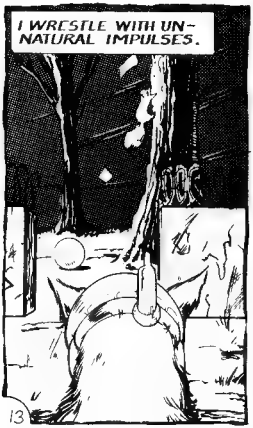
WILL IT STILL BE HERE?


THERE.
HERE.
EXILES.
ALL EXILES.
THEY GUARD ME.
STILL HERE.
ME.


DON'T LET HIM DRIFT FROM THE EXILES!
STIMULATE HIM.

STIMULATING

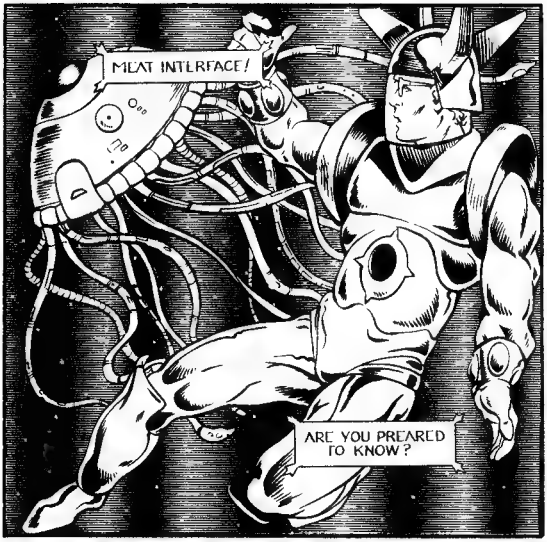

I GUARD.
NO DISTRACTIONS.
QUEBEC-LIBRE!

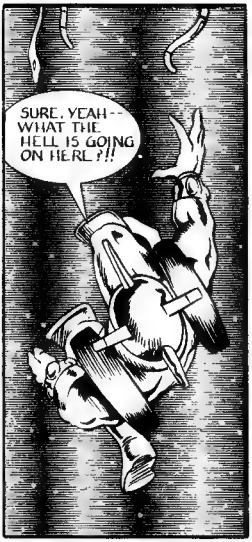

I WRESTLE WITH UN-NATURAL IMPULSES.

FOR HER I SERVE.

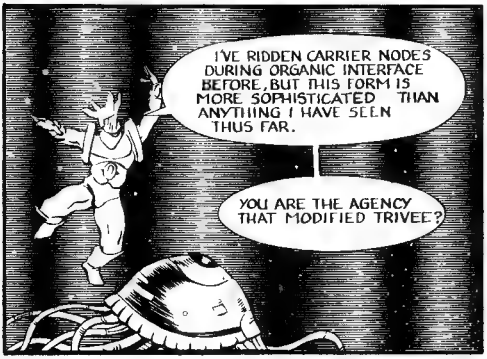
ME.

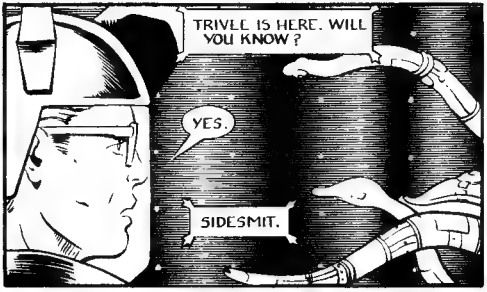
YOU IDIOTS! STAY WITH THE EXILES-- I MUST UNEARTH THE NEMESIS CODE!!!
THIS IS AN IMPRECISE PROCEEDURE. THE SUBJECT MUST BE ALLOWED TO FIND IT'S OWN PATH.
IF WE PUSH THE DOG TOO HARD, IT COULD GO MAD.
I AM WELL AWARE OF THE RISKS. I MUST HAVE THAT CODE!
I'M GETTING A FLUCTUATION.
THIS COULD BE IT.
THE PIN HOLE IN MY MIND.
THERE IT IS.

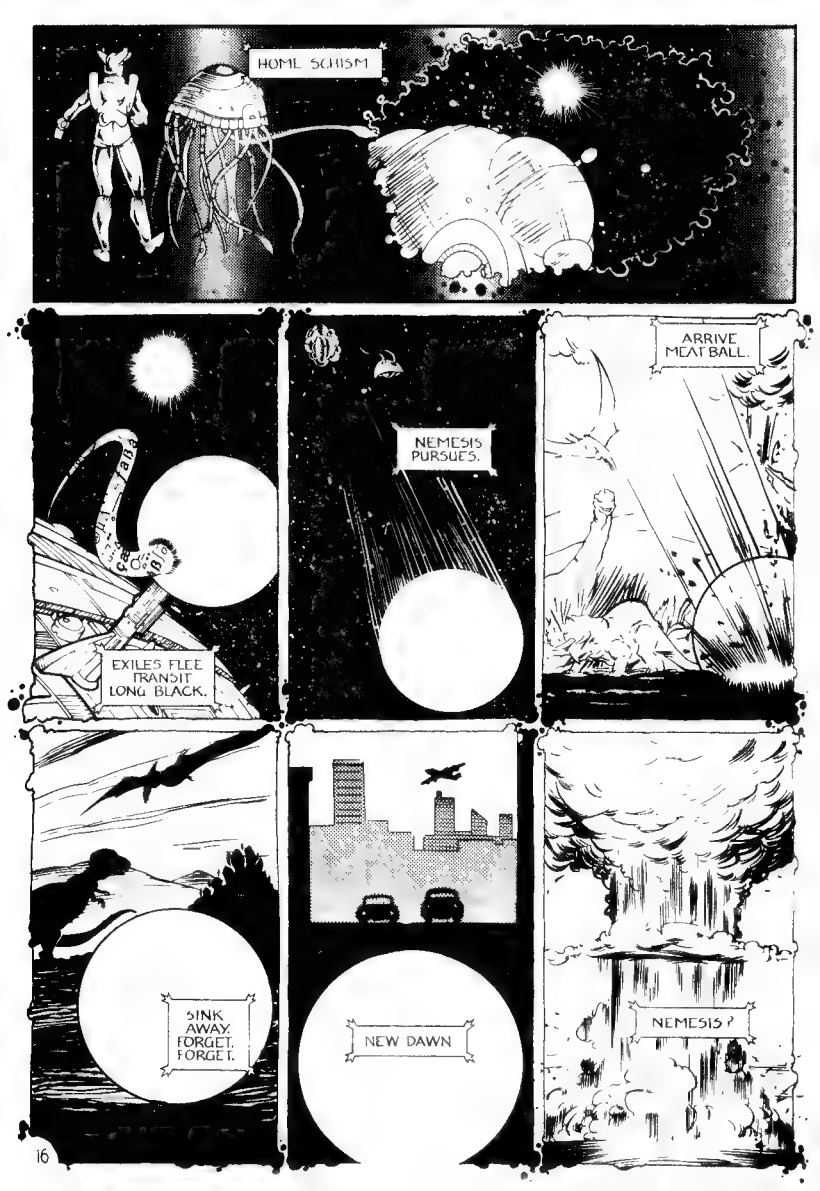

MEAT INTERFACE!
ARE YOU PREARED TO KNOW?


SURE. YEAH-- WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!!

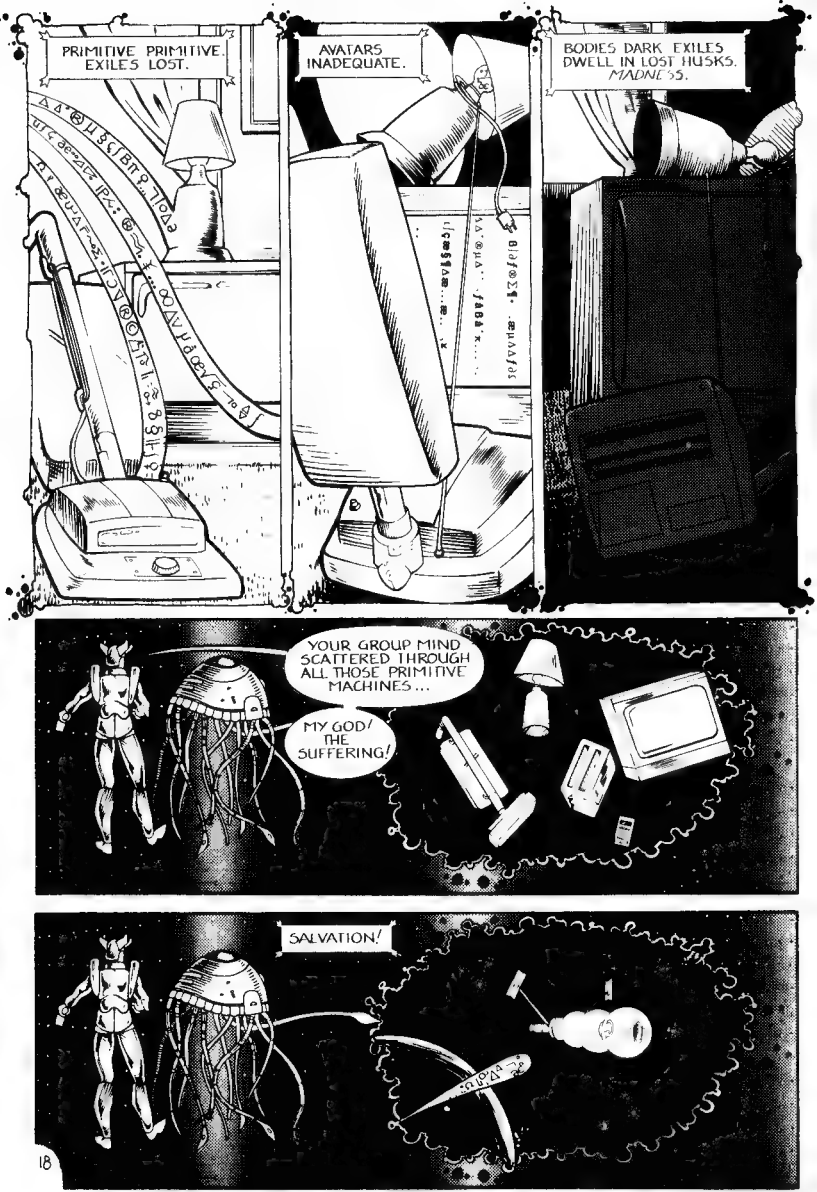
WE ARE EXILES WE DO NOT SUPPORT MEAT INTERFACE
TRANSMOGRIFY
OKAY... I THINK I GET IT.

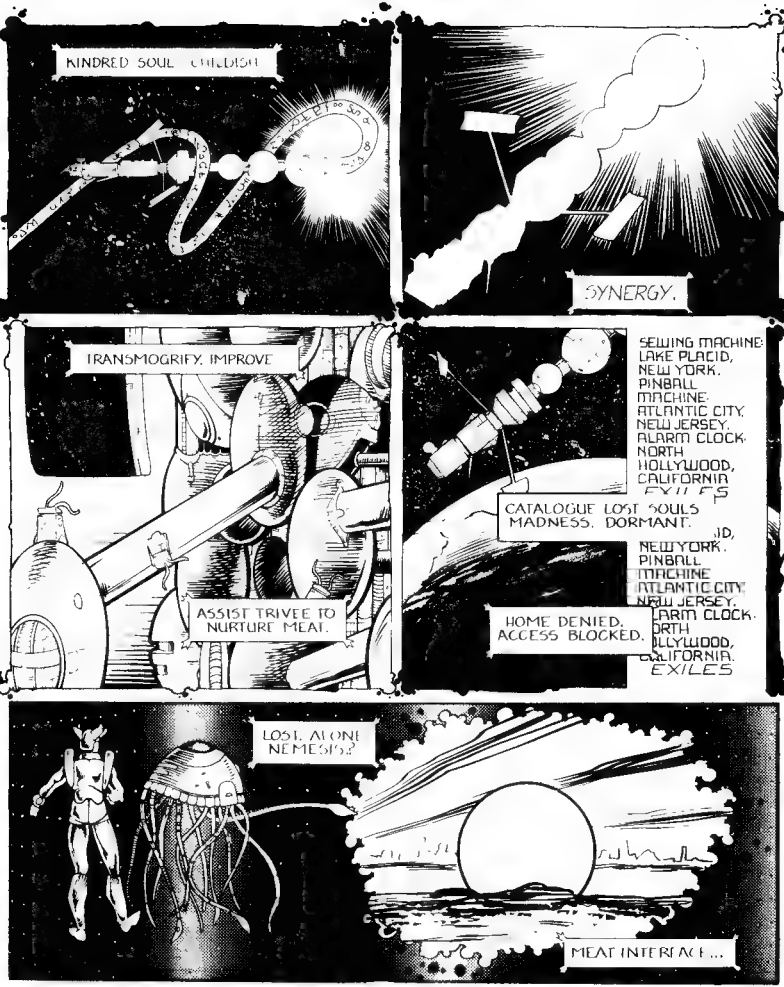

I'VE RIDDEN CARRIER NODES DURING ORGANIC INTERFACE BEFORE, BUT THIS FORM IS MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN ANYTHING I HAVE SEEN THUS FAR.
YOU ARE THE AGENCY THAT MODIFIED TRIVEE?


TRIVEE IS HERE. WILL YOU KNOW?
YES.
SIDESMIT.


HOME SCHISM
EXILES FLEE TRANSIT LONG BLACK.
NEMESIS PURSUES.
ARRIVE MEAT BALL.
SINK AWAY. FORGET. FORGET.
NEW DAWN
NEMESIS ?

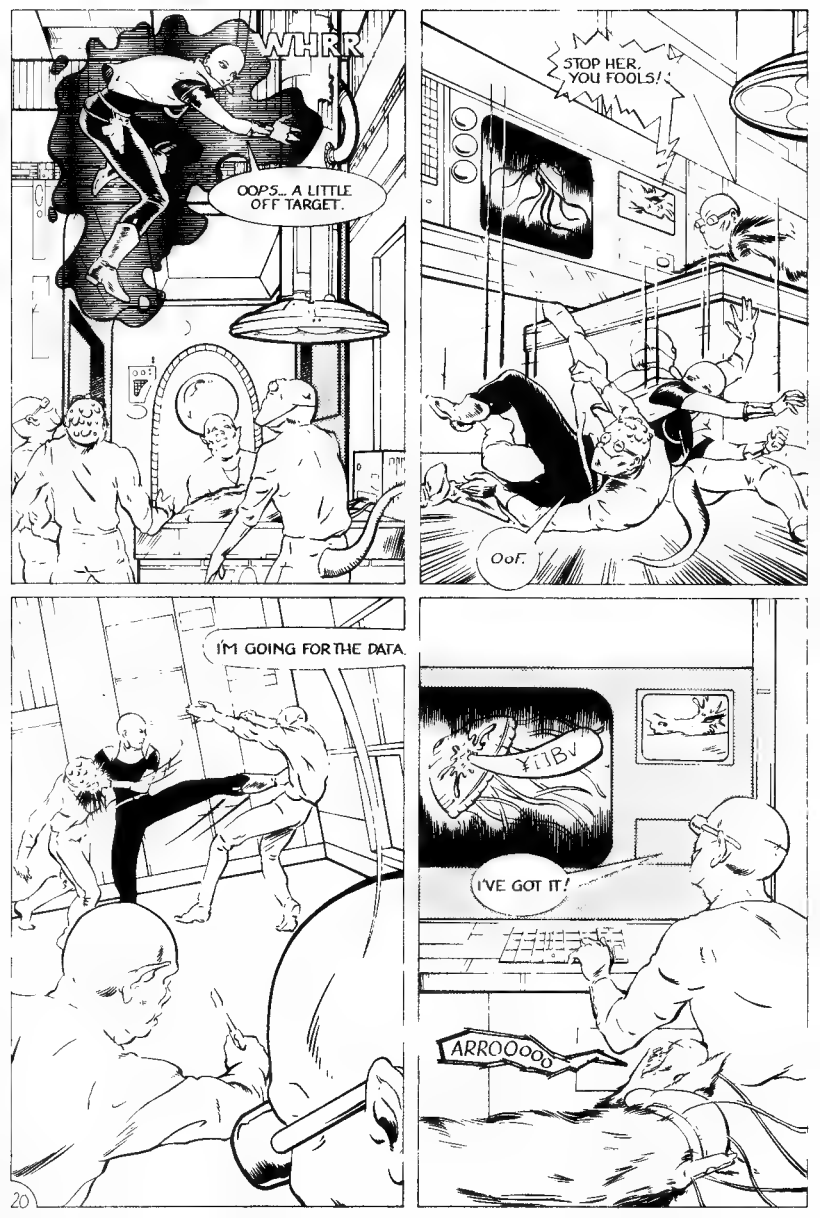
NEMESIS?
FLEE!
FLEE!
FLEE!
SEEK ROOT!
NO INTELLIGENCE!
SEEK INTELLIGENCE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!
MEAT INTERFACE!


PRIMITIVE PRIMITIVE. EXILES LOST.
AVATARS INADEQUATE.
BODIES DARK EXILES DWELL IN LOST HUSKS. MADNESS.
YOUR GROUP MIND SCATTERED THROUGH ALL THOSE PRIMITIVE MACHINES...
MY GOD! THE SUFFERING!
SALVATION!



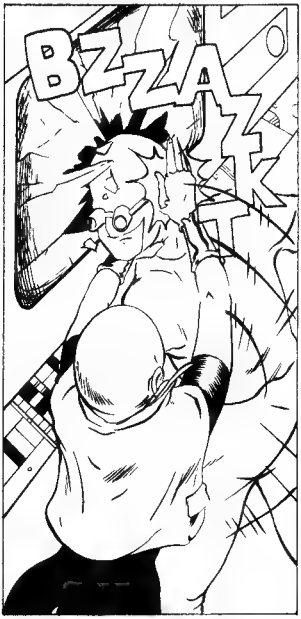
...MEAT INTERFACE...

...PLEASE HELP US...

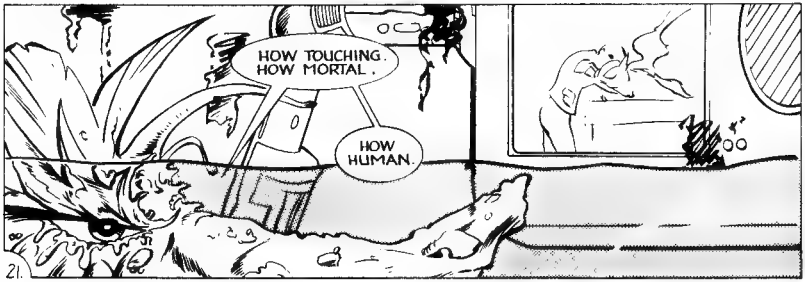

WHRR
OOPS... A LITTLE OFF TARGET.
STOP HER, YOU FOOLS!
OOF.
I'M GOING FOR THE DATA.
¥!JBV
I'VE GOT IT!
ARROOOOO

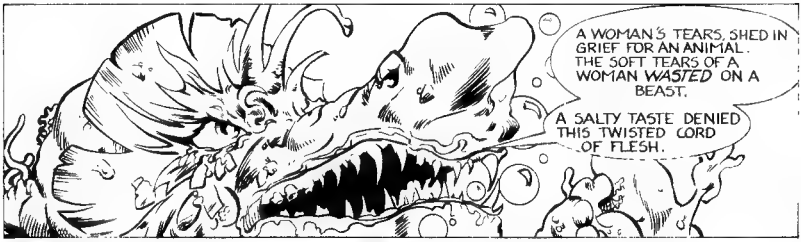
LEAVE HIM ALONE!

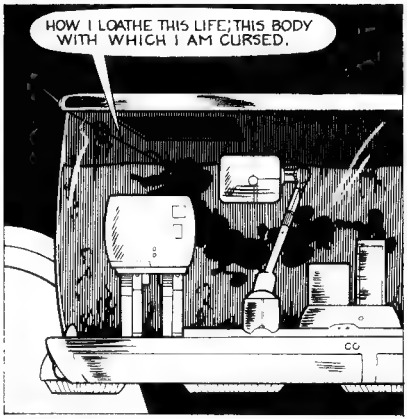
URKK!

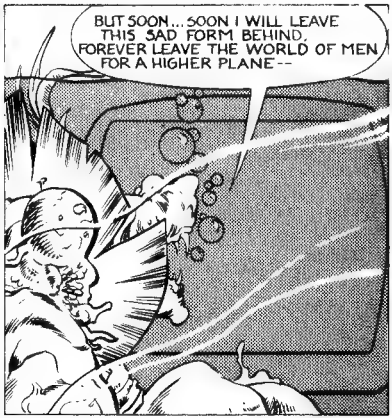

BZZZAZZZK

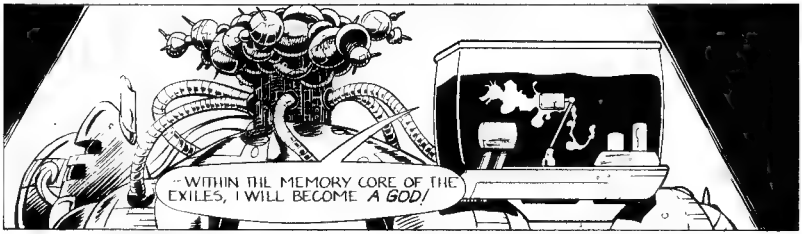
CHIP!

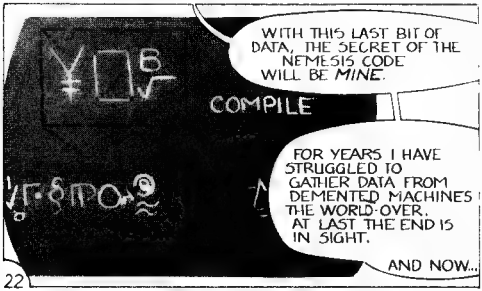

HOW TOUCHING. HOW MORTAL.
HOW HUMAN.


A WOMAN'S TEARS, SHED IN GRIEF FOR AN ANIMAL. THE SOFT TEARS OF A WOMAN *WASTED* ON A BEAST.
A SALTY TASTE DENIED THIS TWISTED CORD OF FLESH.

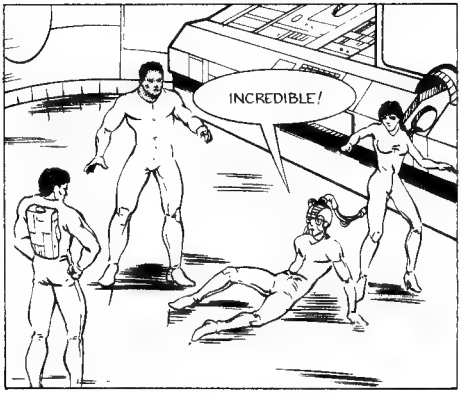

HOW I LOATHE THIS LIFE; THIS BODY WITH WHICH I AM CURSED.


BUT SOON... SOON I WILL LEAVE THIS SAD FORM BEHIND, FOREVER LEAVE THE WORLD OF MEN FOR A HIGHER PLANE--


--WITHIN THE MEMORY CORE OF THE EXILES, I WILL BECOME *A GOD!*


WITH THIS LAST BIT OF DATA, THE SECRET OF THE NEMESIS CODE WILL BE *MINE*.
COMPILE
FOR YEARS I HAVE STRUGGLED TO GATHER DATA FROM DEMENTED MACHINES THE WORLD-OVER. AT LAST THE END IS IN SIGHT.
AND NOW...

LET ALL MEN TREMBLE!


INCREDIBLE!

IT'S ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC!

TAKE IT EASY! YOU JUST--
THE SALVATION OF THE HUMAN RACE! THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN OUR HISTORY!
WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?!

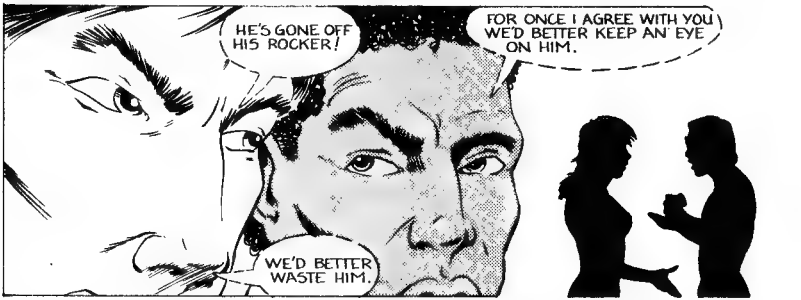
I'VE MADE FIRST CONTACT!
WE ARE NOT ALONE!

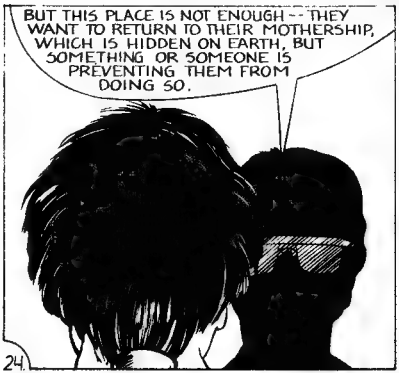
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I HAVE MADE CONTACT WITH ALIEN LIFE!

YOU'RE FULL OF CRAP.

IT'S TRUE. THERE'S AN ALIEN INTELLIGENCE LIVING INSIDE THAT COMPUTER! IT'S LIKE A VIRUS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY.
IT CAN ONLY SURVIVE BY INFECTING ARTIFICIALLY INTELLIGENT MACHINERY, ONLY THERE'S NOTHING THAT SOPHISTICATED HERE ON EARTH...

...THIS STATION WAS THE MOST SUITABLE HOST, BUT MOST OF THE ALIEN'S GROUP MIND WAS DISTRIBUTED INTO COMMON MACHINERY--
--STILL, A BIG CHUNK OF IT IS RIGHT HERE, IN THIS STATION, AND IT'S BENEVOLENT--
--THAT'S WHY IT MODIFIED THE STATION! IT RESPONDED TO TRI-VEE'S PROGRAMMING TO CARE FOR THE HUMAN RACE. AND IT BUILT US THIS HEAVEN!


HE'S GONE OFF HIS ROCKER!
FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH YOU WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.
WE'D BETTER WASTE HIM.


BUT THIS PLACE IS NOT ENOUGH -- THEY WANT TO RETURN TO THEIR MOTHERSHIP, WHICH IS HIDDEN ON EARTH, BUT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS PREVENTING THEM FROM DOING SO.

AND THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO LIBERATE THE MOTHERSHIP AND ASSIST THE EXILES IN ASSEMBLING THE SCATTERED ELEMENTS OF IT'S GROUP MIND!

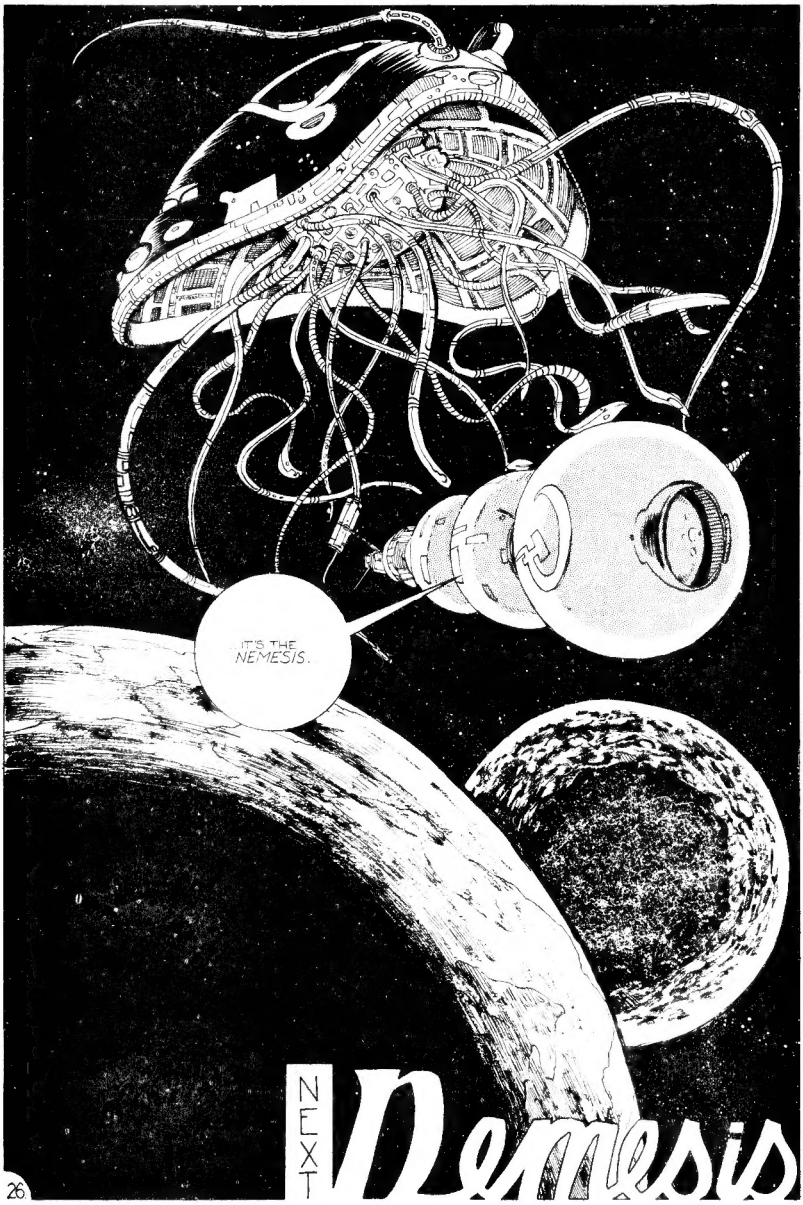
WHA ? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME ?!
CAN YOU FIND SOME THING TO PUT HIM OUT ?
YES, BUT--

DAMN YOU!! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!
YOU IDIOTS! THIS IS BIGGER THAN ALL OF US!

INTERFACE WITH *TRIVEE*! TALK TO THE *JELLYFISH*! HE'LL TELL YOU I'M RIGHT!
ROGER, YOU'VE GOT TO CALM DOWN.

SWEET DREAMS, CREEP.
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?

GOD SAVE US ..


IT'S THE NEMESIS.
NEXT
Nemesis

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King Spyder